COLLECTOR'S SERIES

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CALL BOY

TRUE AND INTIMATE REVELATIONS OF THE HOMOSEXUAL LIFE

NUMBER THREE

FOR ADULTS ONLY

CALL BOY *NUMBER THREE*

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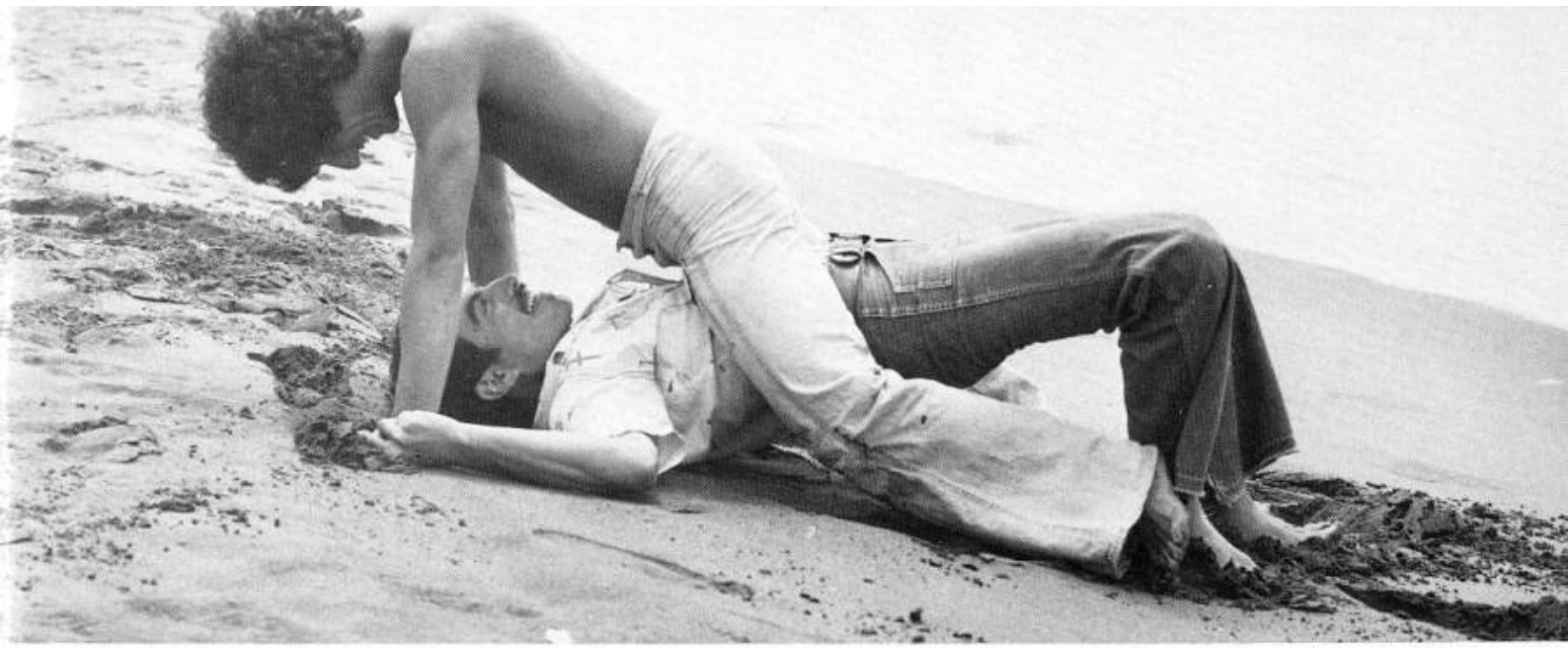
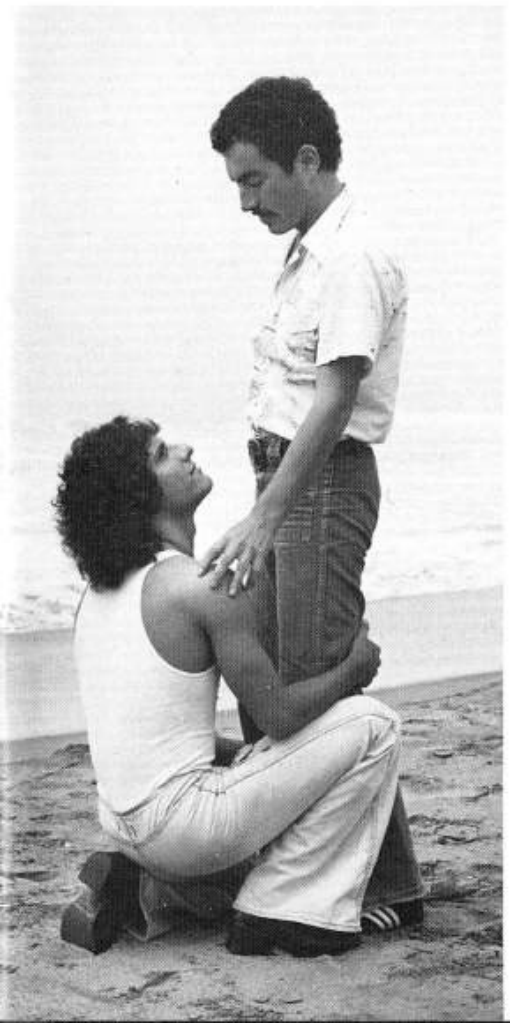
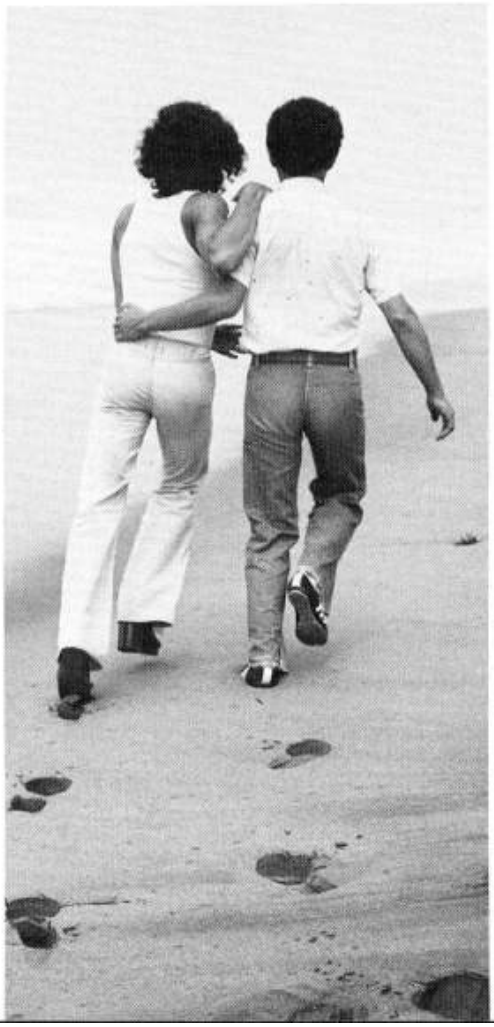
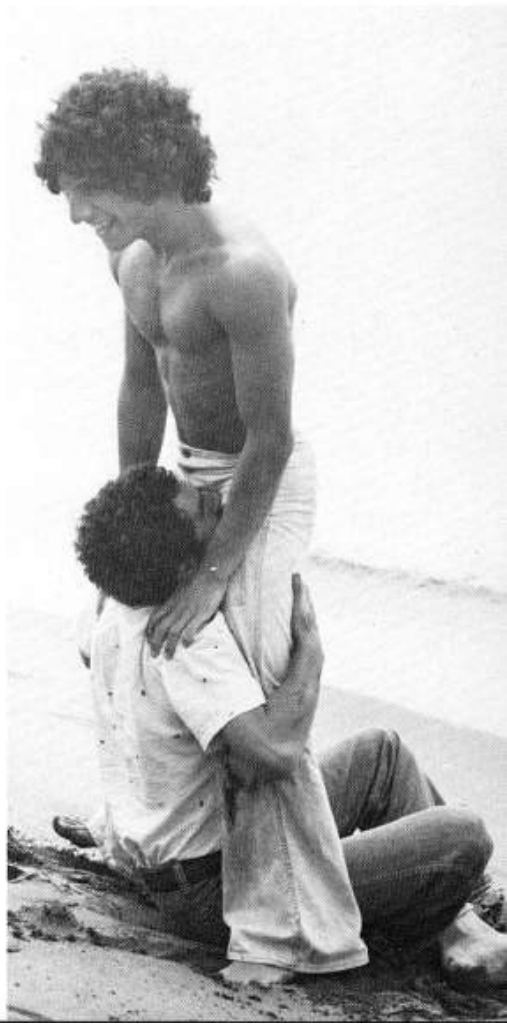


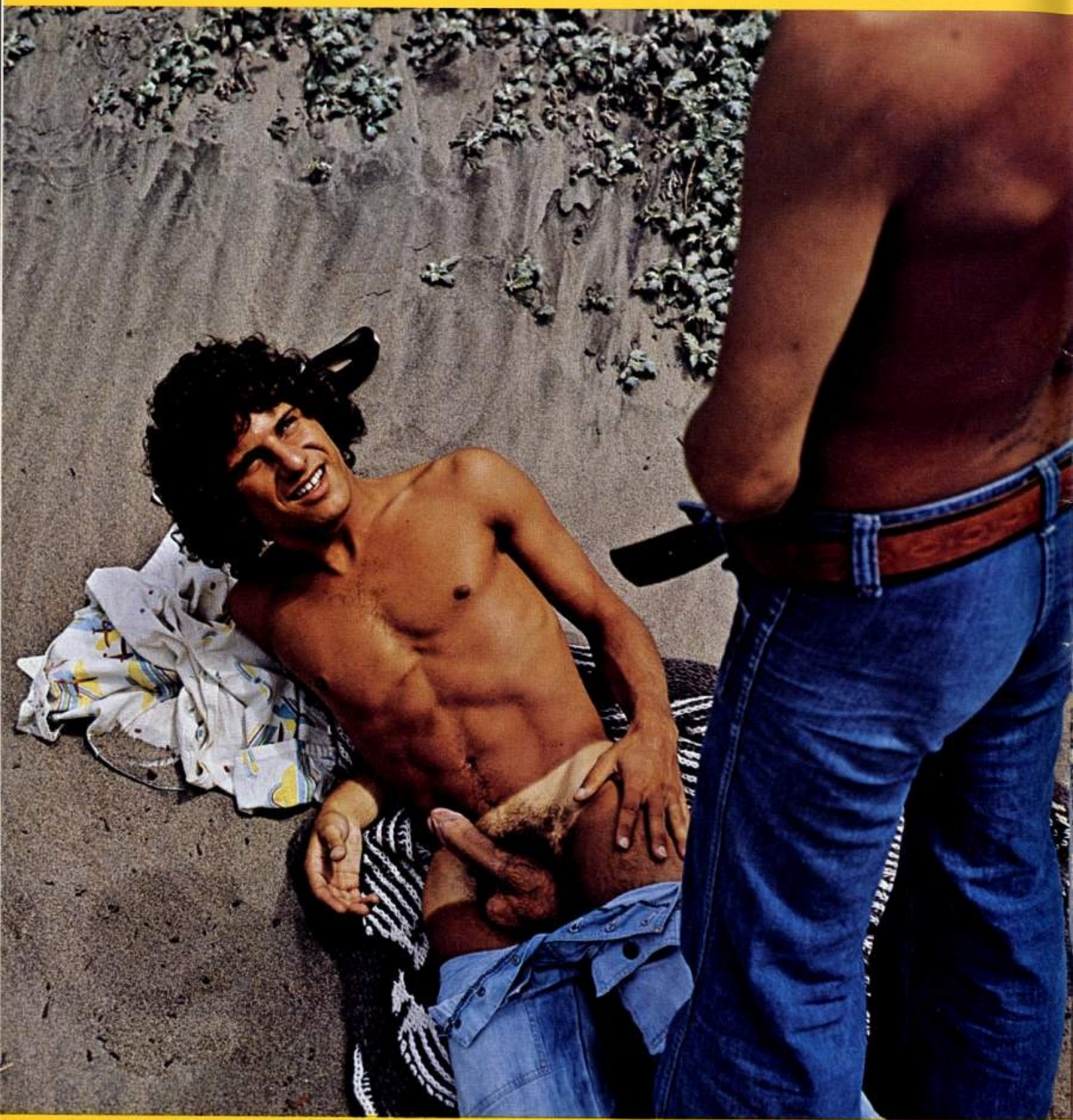
by M. Petoff

It was on a sweltering September day in San Francisco that Bill Marshall came back. At first it was just that he had changed his mind and decided to call Robert again. Things with Sharon weren't working out and Bill needed someone to talk with about his fucked-up marriage . . . someone who understood him. And no one understood him quite the way Robert did!

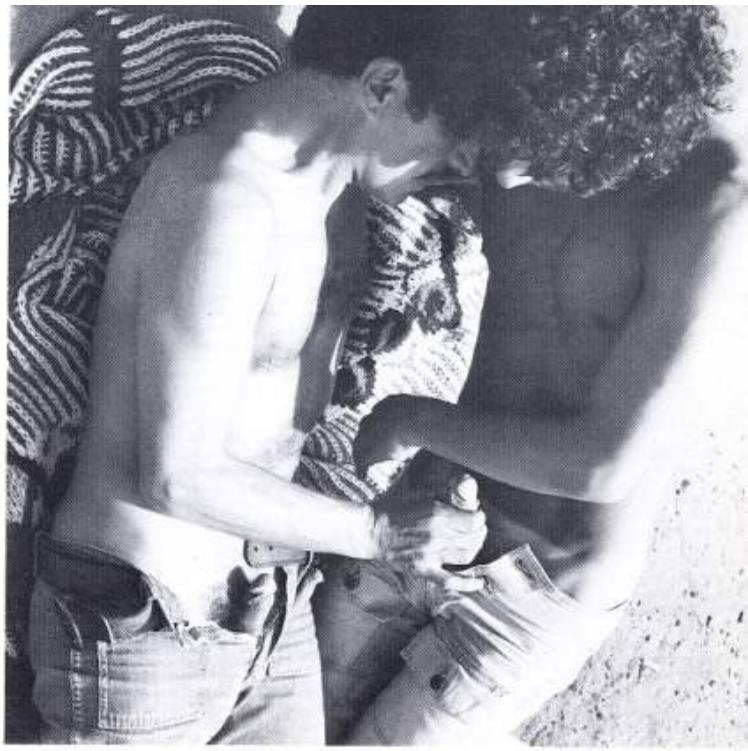








Bill was really cool at first. Robert had fallen hard for Bill about a year before, but their four months of living together had been a shitty off-again, on-again affair that had left Bill really very hurt and bitter.



Between Bill's feelings that loving another male wasn't mannish, and Robert's tendancy to drink too much whenever Bill threw some sort of shit at him, Bill wasn't exactly keen on taking up again with all that trouble.
But, Bill was still in love with Robert; he could still feel the first time Robert had stuck his smooth, pale cock in Bill's rear . . . and he could still feel the sting of Robert's belt during that brief period when their sex had taken a rough turn. In fact, the belt marks were still angry red welts on his buttocks.

Bill thought at first that he was just thinking of letting off some steam, maybe throwing a wild quickie fuck to Robert and and getting it over with. But the acceptance, and the delays, gave him time to think, and he realized that just shoving his cock up Robert's ass, exciting as that always was to him, or even working over Robert's rear end with his belt, wouldn't solve any of his problems.

Bill had to decide whether he wanted Sharon or Robert, and right now, as far as he was concerned Sharon didn't have much going for her. He knew his eight months with her had been chiefly a matter of his trying to prove something that wasn't really worth proving. He had never loved her.

He had loved Robert . . . very much . . . and still did. He had never felt that way about any guy, except maybe one kid he knew the first year in High School, but no one could ever possible compare with Robert.

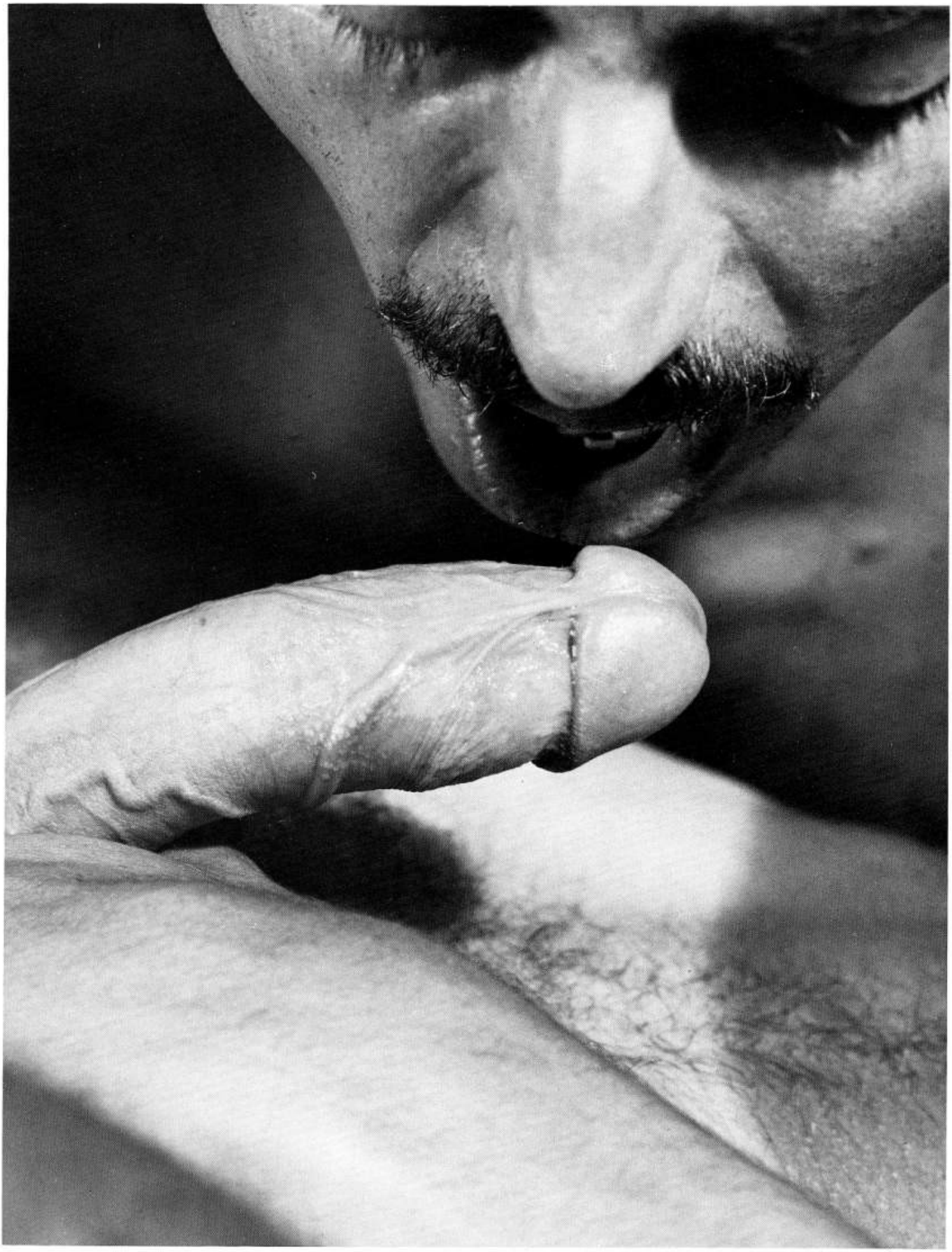
He ran his tongue over his lips, remembering the taste of Robert's delicious balls . . . On a conscious level he was telling himself he'd never even let Robert back in his door. At the same time he was planning the rearrangements that would be needed for Robert's return, which drawers to empty.

In the deepest part of his mind, Bill was already visualizing himself on his back, his ass in the air, Robert's strong, young, muscular body arched over him, as his eagar, hot ass-hole quivered in anticipation of the thrilling banging that was coming.

Finally, he saw Robert . . . he still had that hustler look, his flowered shirt open, and wearing tight jeans that allowed the world to clearly see the huge outline of the buldge in his crotch.

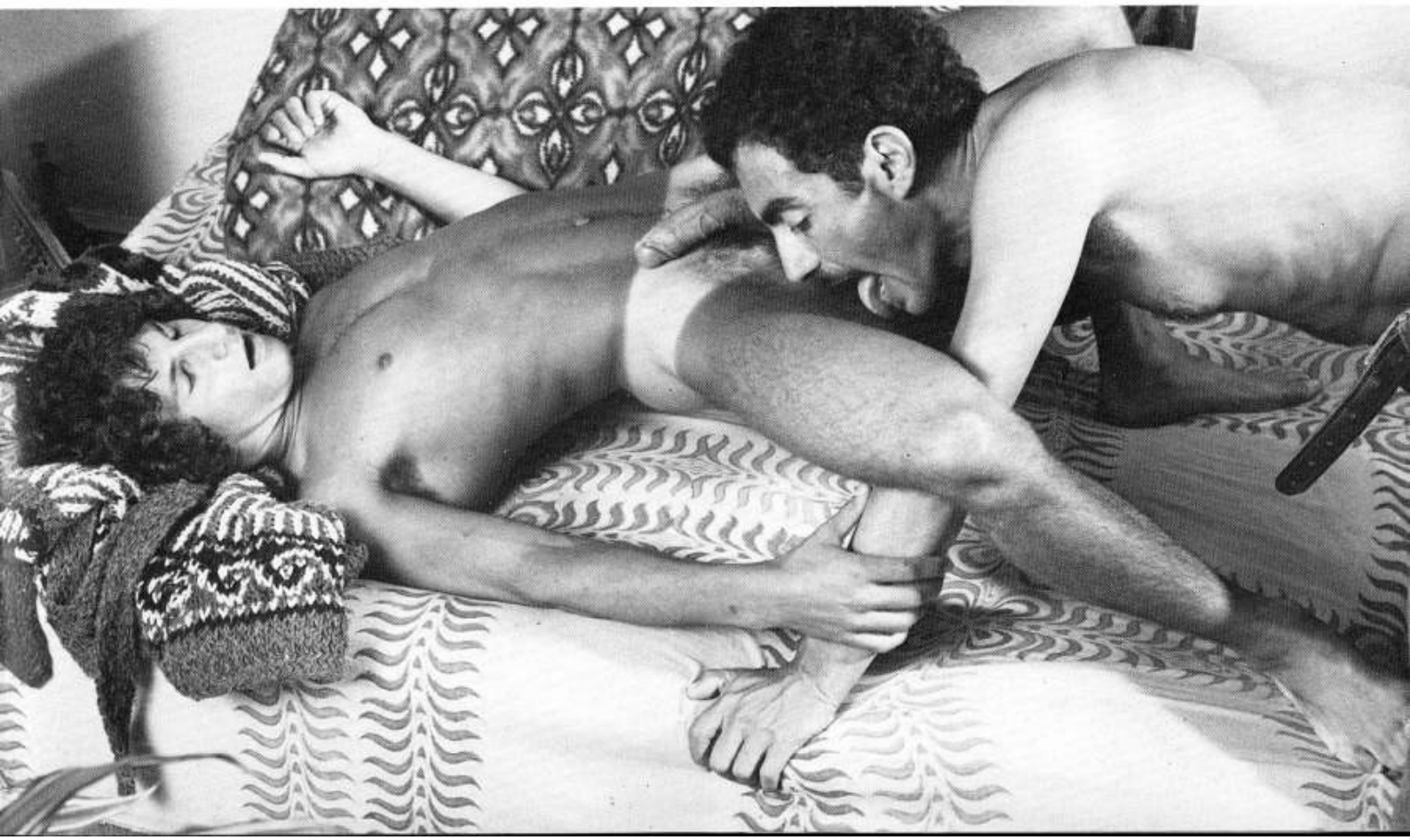
Bill melted at Robert's wide grin, and he did quite a job of grinning himself as they warmly shook hands. As they walked, Bill recited his predictable complaints about his marriage, when all the time all he really wanted to do was put his arms around Robert and give him a great big hug right there on the street.

Robert suggested that they stop at the apartment and change clothes and then go down to the beach. Bill agreed without any hesitation.
For lovers who for several months had done just about all there was to do sexually, they were slow getting started. It was about twenty minutes before Bill even put his hand on Robert's strong leg.
Finally Bill reached into Robert's fly and pulled out his already erect cock, undressing him.



All the tension between them seemed
to break down immediately, and
they seemed to be back where they
were after they'd been together
for two months - Bill finally accepted
his homosexuality that afternoon.
Bill just couldn't contain himself any
longer, he had to tell Robert how
good he felt;
"God damn, I missed you! You know
that? Oh! That feels good!
All the way! Push it! Oh, man!"

Robert stopped to explore every inch of Bill's body as his fingers and tongue trailed lightly "around the world" ending up with that remarkably smooth, light cock.
"I wish I was a sculptor or a painter so I could copy exactly what your meat looks like - but then, why make a copy when you have the original? You might change your mind and take it away again and then what will I do? Naw, that won't happen, honey, never again, we will always be together."



Bill suggested that they get down to the beach before it got too late. They fucked around on the beach in fun until they found a fairly secluded spot in the dunes where they could get a lot more serious. They played with each others cock until they were both at the point of no return and had to complete their now serious sex games. They were like a couple of kids with new toys and the toys were each other. They both had longed for each other so that their eight months apart had seemed like an eternity.

Robert could never figure out why Bill had had this need to marry Sharon. Because, when they were together they never seemed to need anyone else, of *any* sex!
The beach was deserted for that time of year . . . they felt as if they they were the only two human beings in existence.
They both lay down on the blanket and spent the rest of the afternoon doing some very serious lovemaking. Bill's tail was something that Robert really wanted to get into as Bill wiggled in delight, tightening and loosening his pink rectum.

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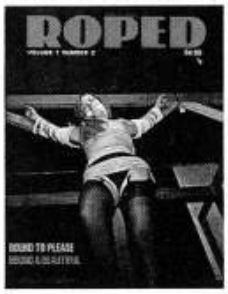

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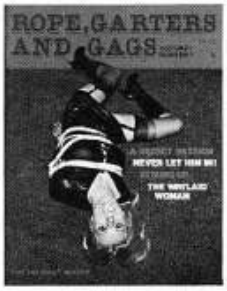

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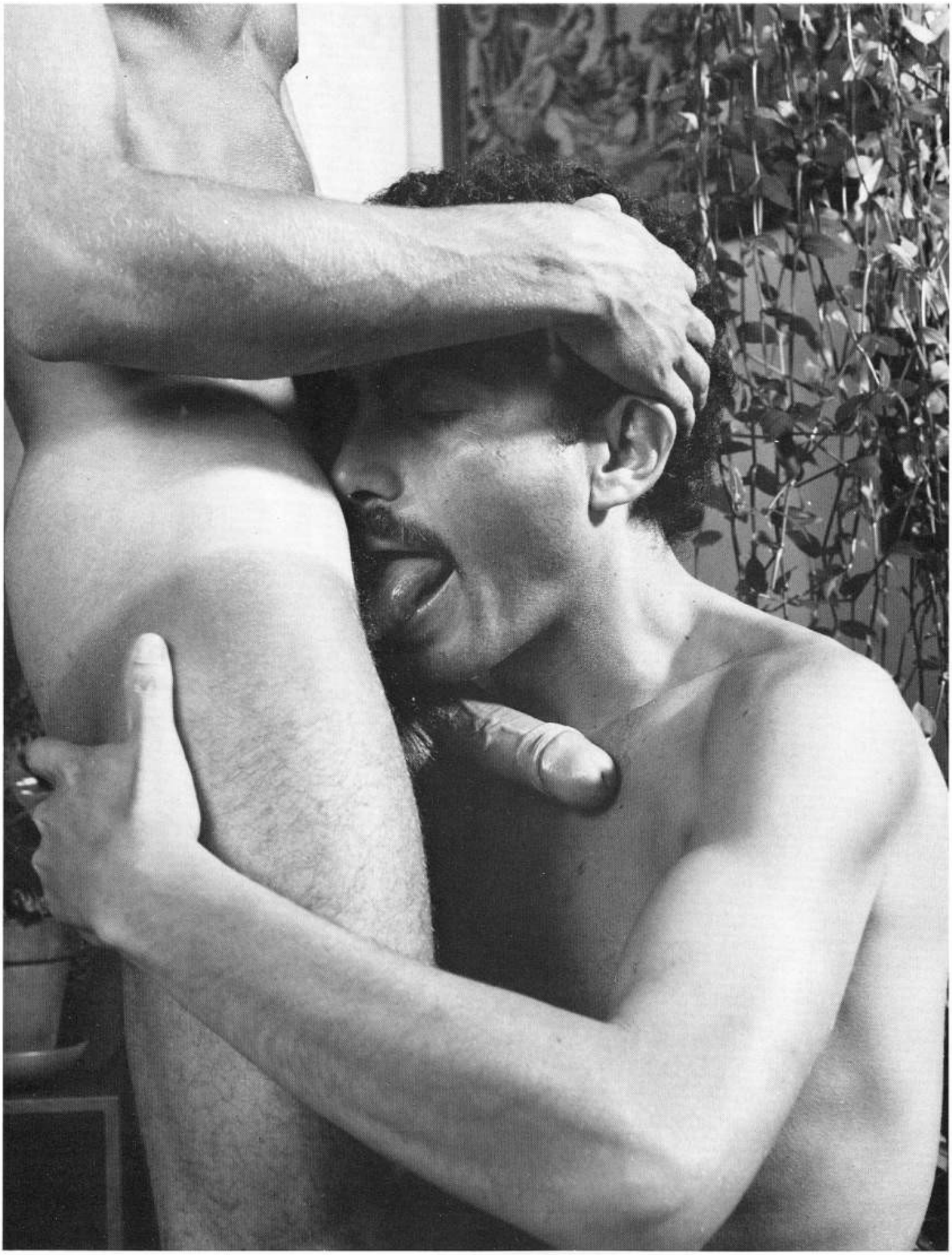
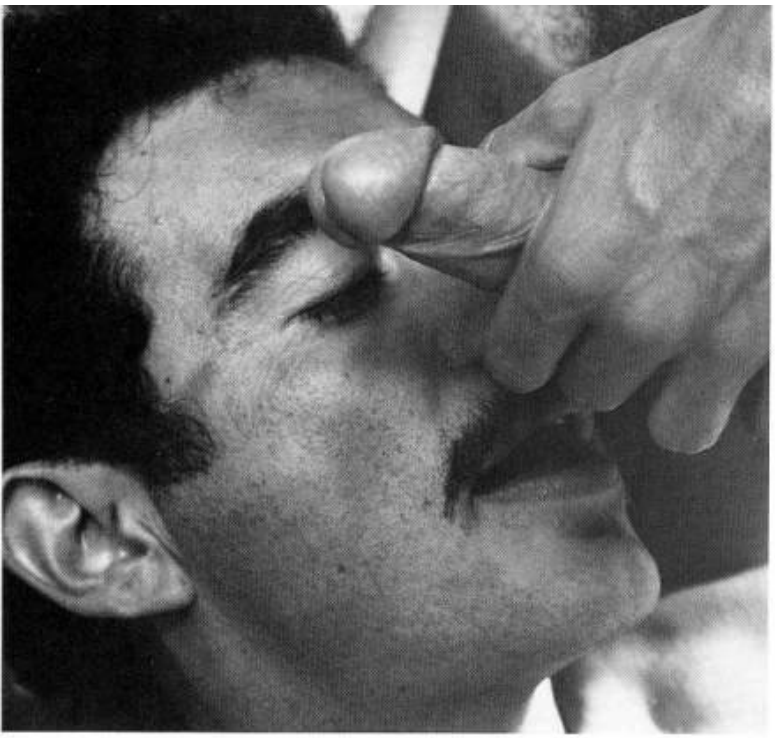
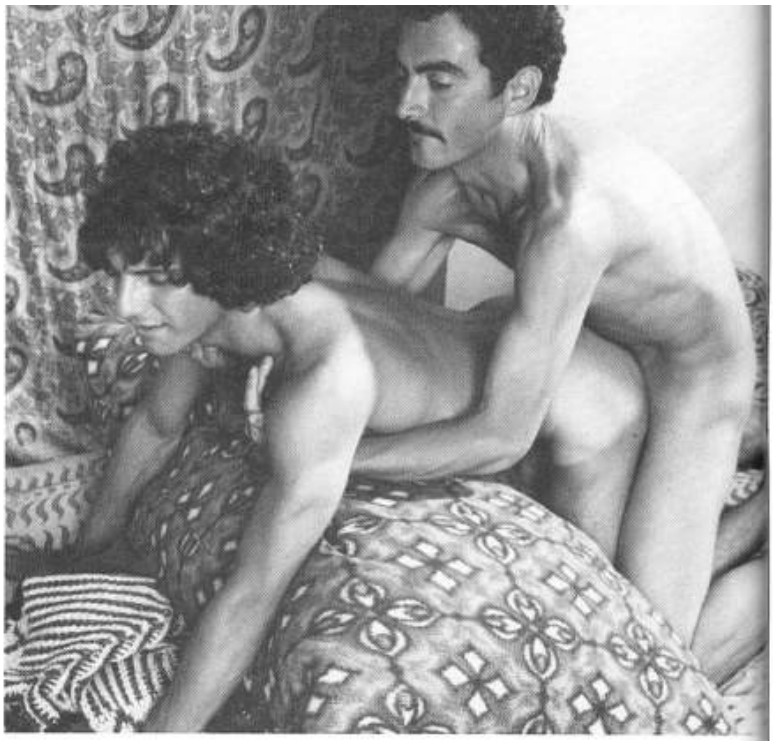


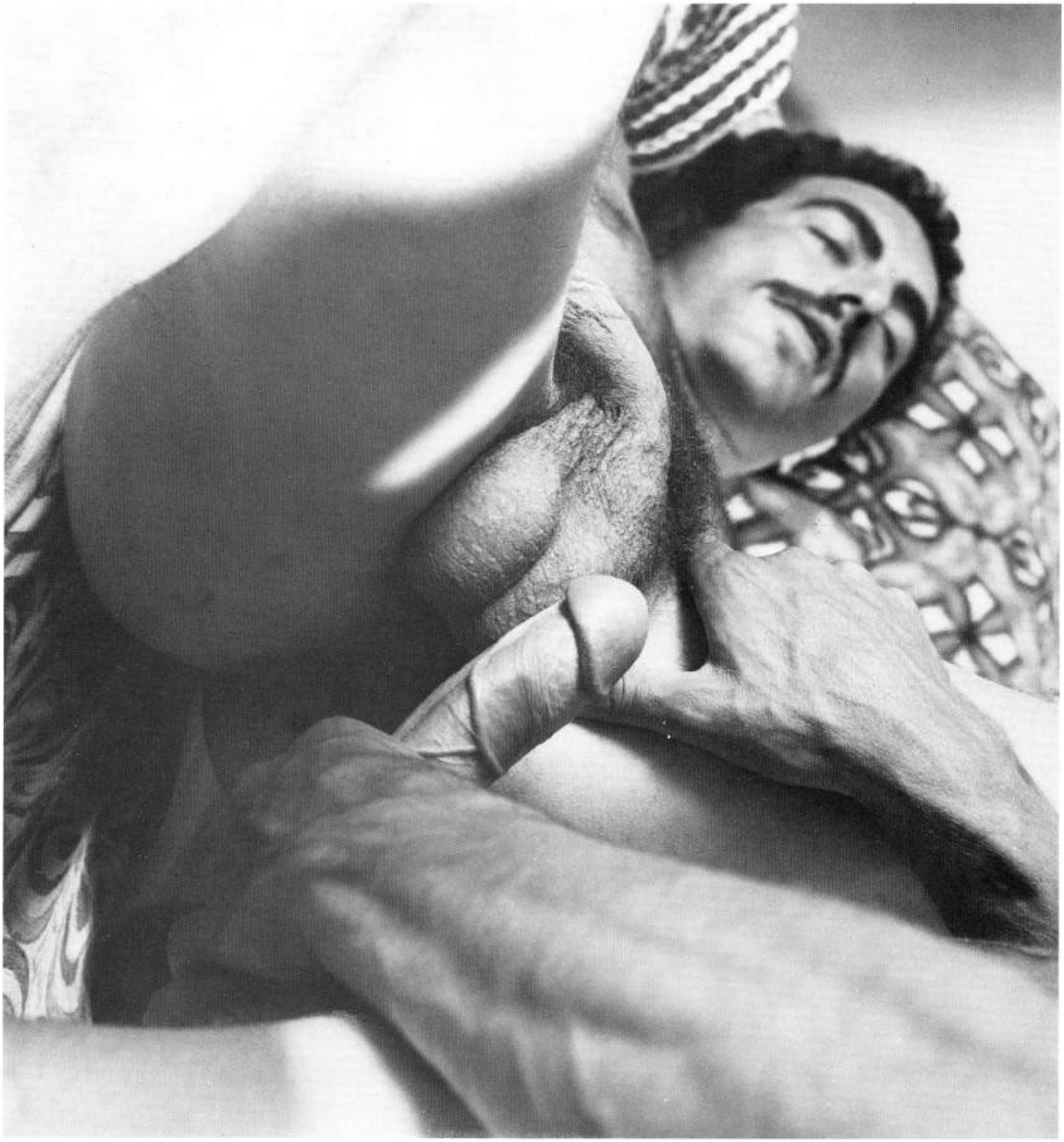
"Can I cornhole you?" Robert hesitantly asked. He held his breath hoping that Bill wouldn't refuse. Instead, Bill mutely looked lovingly into Robert's eyes and slowly nodded. To Robert that meant that Bill had finally really accepted his homosexuality because he had never wanted to take it in the rear before. To him it was the final submission to his actual emotions.

Bill crouched on the blanket with his tail raised, spread his buttocks with his hands and waited for the invasion that he knew would bring both pleasure and pain. Before he had always refuse, but this time he wanted it, as he had never wanted anything else before. Robert stood over him aiming his handsome iron hard cock that was now nothing to apologize about, and then dropped . . . no gentleness, no easy entry. He just dropped his body down and fell full length on Bill's back and jabbed his cock all the way up inside Bill's ass. It smashed in like a sledge hammer, and the shock almost jolted Bill apart, but after the first tremendous shock, there was no real pain. There was an intensity Bill had never known, a standing on the edge of absolute pain and absolute joy, as Robert began to pivot, to slip and slide. Then Robert hugged him tightly around the waist and just trembled, trembled inside and outside of Bill, trembled as his passions built up, trembled as his come shot deep into Bill's bowels, and trembled as his erection subsided and his soft meat remained held inside of Bill's heated ass hole.

Now, it was Bill's turn. Bill took Robert's cock in his mouth, sucking him, savoring again the smooth skin all the way down to the root, working the root itself back and forth in his mouth - building a passion between them, pressing a Robert's thighs, working a finger back to breach the hole, prodding the soft tightness, feeling Robert wince . . . think what Sharon would do if she ever saw him enjoying himself this way!







Robert felt the cyclone coming, felt his head and his prick and his hands and feet whirling around, and Bill with him. He felt the torrent of a mighty river rush from his bowels and then he came as he had never come before with his seed exploding into Bill's mouth.

They both lay there completely spent. Not saying a word to each other, just holding on to each other desperately, as if one of them would want to leave. This was the reality they both could not face again. Robert wanted to know what Bill was going to do about Sharon. Bill told him that he would call Sharon and try to explain to her that he was in love with someone else and he couldn't go on living with her any longer. Robert pushed him into making the call quickly; "Just get it over with."

Robert could hear Bill saying,"I'm sorry, honey . . . I guess I used you trying to prove something . . . it just never was right with you and me . . . Yes, I love Robert. Now, come off it! That shit doesn't faze me any more. I am not ashamed to love another man and want to be with him. I'm more of a man with him than you would ever let me be with you. Come on Baby, let's not argue. It was a mistake for both of us. Sure, I'll listen . . . what do you have to tell me? No kidding? Alice? Boy, that's something, well, good luck, bye.

He hung up.
"What do you know Robert? Sharon is moving in with Alice. She said she married me for the same reason that I married her. *She* couldn't face the fact that she loved another woman! And she still wants us to remain friends.
Looks like we are going to be together till death us do part."
Then Bill knelt between Robert's knees and slowly drank a sweeter champagne than ever comes from a bottle!

CALL BOY